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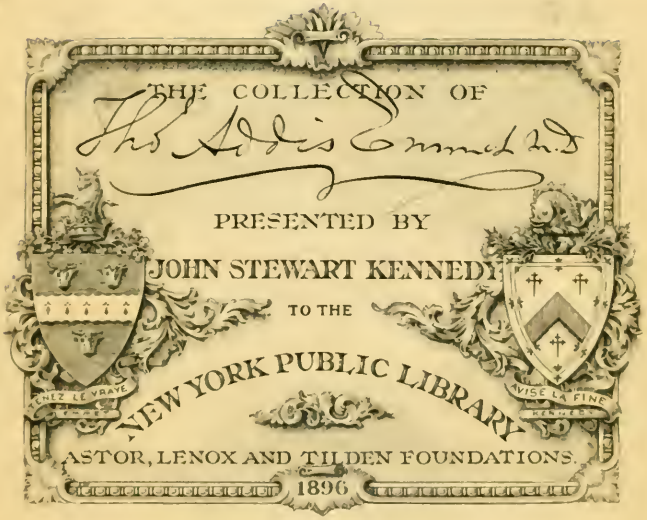
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MEMORIALS

OF

NORTH CAROLINA.

BY J. SEAWELL JONES,

OF SHOCCO.

NEW-YORK:

1838.

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TO THE

HONORABLE WM. COST JOHNSON,

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN

OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS,

RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,

THIS WORK

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

SHOCCO.

PREFACE.

The chapters comprised in this volume were published some years ago in the literary Gazettes of the day, and are all, excepting the one signed "Pacificator," from the same pen. They all relate to periods of the history of North Carolina, which, until a few years ago, were buried and forgotten; and they are now published to keep alive the memory of those times. The bitterness of controversy has at least the good effect of signalizing historical events; and many a hurried student will perhaps pause to observe in what great matter it is that the skepticism of an Irving or a Jefferson is deemed vicious and reprehensible.

MEMORIALS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

CHAP. I.

THE LANDING OF SIR WALTER'S COLONY.

> "They were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."
>
> COLERIDGE.

On the 4th of July, 1584, two English ships hove in sight of the coast of North Carolina, somewhere about Cape Fear. They were the vessels of Sir Walter Raleigh, and were on a voyage of discovery, to take possession of some portion of the new world in the name of the crown of England. The day on which they first beheld the shores of our country has since become the great political holiday of the age, and is now distinguished as the anniversary, not of the origin, but of the downfall of the authority of England over the United States. The commanders of these two ships were Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe; and the ceremony which they performed upon the coast of North Carolina, and which I am now about to celebrate, is perhaps one of the most memorable events in the history of mankind. The fortunate results of the dominion of England over

the territory of our Union are as innumerable as are the stars; and the free Anglo-American, in whatever forests he may be found, will turn reverently to the spot consecrated as its birth-place. The two adventurers loitered along the coast of North Carolina, in full view of the shore as it sweeps in a curve from Cape Look Out to Cape Fear. There was scarcely wind enough to ruffle the plumage of the two ships as they lay their gentle course, and the mild land-breeze was so fragrant, that the voyagers exclaimed that they seemed to be in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers. Thus making their liquid way, on the 13th of July, 1584, we find the two ships at anchor in the roads of Ocracock inlet, within a few hundred yards of the island which lies to the south, and which the Indians called Wokokon. And this is the spot, of all the fair lands of our wide-spread country, which was first occupied by old mother England!

About mid-day on the 13th, when there was not a film of a cloud in the heavens, nor a breath of air to break the sea; when the tides were still, and the sunshine danced along the glittering sand-banks from Hatteras to Look Out; when the whole scene was so intensely tranquil, that those ships looked like "painted ships," and that ocean a "painted ocean;" when the crew stood about the decks in silent wonderment at the vast and solitary world before them—no scudding skiff, no rising smoke, no distant sound: at this hour, when solitude was most

awful and most sublime, the sound of prayer broke the enchantment, and the first words of Christian suffrage were uttered in returning thanks to God that the lion flag of old England was about to be planted upon the coast of the new world. The boats were then manned, and the two captains, attended by the most notable gentlemen of the expedition, were pulled toward the shore; and as the boats grated upon the sand, they sprang upon the beach, and Captain Amadas shouted in a loud voice:—

"We take possession of this land in the right of the queene's most excellent majestie, as rightfull queene and princesse of the same, to be delivered over to the use of Sir Walter Raleigh, according to her Majestie's grant and letters patent, under her highnesse's great seale."

This, then, was the birthday, and here, then, was the birthplace, of our great Anglo-American empire! And how fortunate was it for the cause of civil and religious freedom all over the world that England, and not Spain, France, or Portugal, colonized our splendid domain! Look to the South American states, already in the decrepitude of old age; their moral, intellectual, and physical condition alike unimproved; their governments unsteady and tyrannical; their private estates insecure; and the very liberty which, but a few years ago, they so proudly achieved, already degraded into popular despotism. Spanish blood corrupted the new world. The seeds of civil and religious despotism were sown, broad cast, from the city of Mexico to Cape Horn; and

after a revolution of three hundred years, Spanish America can boast of but little that is either grand or sublime, in all her history, excepting the monuments of Montezuma's magnificence and the victories of Bolivar.

But how different has been the career of the Anglo-American race! The seed which was planted on Wokokon Island has given birth to a new genus of men. Another and a hardier race than even the Anglo-Saxon has sprung into existence, and are now bearing onward to the Pacific, as they leap from the Alleghany to the Rocky mountains, the language and the liberty of their forefathers. The great principles of human government have been simplified; the liberty of the people, and their right to self-government, immoveably established; a free, happy, and powerful republic, under the constitution and laws of which the rights of individuals are as inviolably sustained as is the glory of the national faith, now covers the fairest portions of the new world; and, what is the proudest result of all, this new-born nation, in the purity of its government and in the happiness of its people, is now sending back, across the sea, to regenerate and to reform the old world, the sublime lessons of her own experience. Happy, proud Anglo-America! She has given to the world the great principle of a free government. She has extended the provinces of liberty, civilization, and of law. "The lightning of the heavens could not resist her philosophy, nor the temptation of a throne seduce her patriotism."

Let us now return to the voyagers. As soon as they had performed the ceremony of occupation, the company penetrated a few miles into the interior, and, on reaching the summit of an eminence, they discovered that they were on an island, and not on the continent. "They behelde the sea both sides of them to the north and to the south, having no end any of both ways." They were on an island clad with vines, which reeled so full of grapes, "as that the very beating and surge of the sea had overflowed them, of which we found such plentie, as well there as in all places else, both on the sand as on the green soil, on the hills as in the plains, as well as on every little shrubbe, as also climing towardes the tops of high cedars, that I thinke in all the worlde the like abundance is not to be found." From the eminence which they had gained, they beheld the valleys replenished with goodly cedar trees, and having discharged their harque-buz shot, a flock of cranes (the most part white) arose under them, with such a cry, redoubled by many echoes, as if an army of men had shouted all together." The island is again described as having "many goodly woods, full of deer, conies, hares, and fowle, even in the midst of summer, in incredible abundance. The woods are not such as you find in Bohemia, Moscovia, or Hercynia—barren and fruitless, but the highest and reddest cedars in the world, far better than the cedars of the Azores, of the Indies, or of Lybanus."

The extracts which I have made, are taken from the report of the two captains, Amadas and Barlowe,

made to Sir Walter Raleigh on their return to England. The description is not too highly wrought, for we must remember that the ravages of man and of the ocean have, for more than two centuries, desolated and changed Wokokon Island. The beautiful name of Virginia was first applied to the islands of North Carolina, and I have seen in the earliest maps and charts of the state at present bearing that name, Roanoke and Wokokon Islands laid off to the south, under the somewhat boasted title of "*Old Virginia.*" This, at least, was the Virginia of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of the Fairy Queen of England. His name is identified with no other section of our Union, and the name of the capital of North Carolina best betokens her proud remembrance of the character of her founder.

The two captains, after having surveyed Wokokon Island, returned to their ships, and there remained for two days before they encountered the natives. It is not my design in this number to follow them in their adventures among the savages; I would rather ask the reader to come with me to the consecrated spot, and see how it now looks after a revolution of two hundred and fifty years.

I have myself stood upon such an eminence on Wokokon Island as that described by the voyagers, but I sought a more poetical hour than mid-day, and I had, too, the benefit of a blustering March wind, which threw the waters all into a rage, and brought down the waves of the Pamlico all the way from Roanoke Island, as heavy as if they had been born

in the Gulf Stream. It was a clear, cold day; and with the history of these voyagers fresh in my memory, I had wandered about the island, and at sunset I placed myself as near as possible on the very eminence on which they had stood centuries ago. The view before me was indeed wild and startling. The glorious sunset gilded the crested waves of the Pamlico, as they broke in boundless succession afar to the west and to the north, and the narrow island that curves around to the north-east from Ocracock to Hatteras, all covered as it was with the mellow teints of the sun, resembled a rainbow resting on the face of the sea. The opposite towns of Portsmouth and Ocracock, and old Shell Castle, stood before me amid the noisy waves, as if they had arisen to earth from the convulsive throes of the excited sea, and then there was the narrow island, with its naked woods and vines, and the waves bursting and thundering upon its shores, combing their foam higher and higher on each return, as if in the wantonness of their strength they would clap their hand over the very spot on which I stood. To me there is something especially fascinating in the scenery about Ocracock Inlet. I love it for its very bleakness; and historical association, too, hallows it in my memory. It is indeed a place of storms, for nature has there provided everything which can give fury to the winds, and, come from what quarter they will, they bring noise and strife. An easterly wind arouses the whole Atlantic, and the waves dash through the narrow straits, retreating from the fury of the storm; and then a west-

erly wind arises, and, sweeping over the Pamlico, sends them all back to their ocean mother. A north-east gale will bring down from the banks of Hatteras sand enough to create an island; and oftentimes a ship riding at her anchorage, is enveloped in a whirl-pool of sand, and lifted high and dry out of the sea; but then a southern storm will send its ministers to the rescue, and the briny waves will soon ply their strength, undermine it, and sweep the ship away.

CHAP. II.

"The gentle children of an isle,
Who knew but to worship and to love."

RUSSELL.

For two days our adventurous voyagers saw no signs of man. The vine-clad and flowery isle before them seemed to have bloomed away its existence unenjoyed by man, and their minds were filled with the sublime thought—that in this virgin world the clamour of war had never been heard, nor the silence of its shores ever violated, save by the thunders of the waves and of the clouds of heaven. On the third day, however, this dream was broken. A solitary boat, with three savages, turned the northern point of Wokokon, and gliding into an indenture in the shore, one of the party sprang upon the beach, and coming directly opposite the anchorage of the ships, he walked up and down along the water's edge, seemingly in wonder at what he saw. When Captain Amadas and three other gentlemen approached him in a boat, he made them a speech of much length, in his own barbarous tongue, and then firmly stepping into their boat, he manifested by signs his desire to visit their ships. How brave is innocence! It goes wheresoever it will, and triumphs where guilt

would fall. It has survived the fiery furnace, and *once* walked upon the stormy sea, as upon the plains of the earth.

The name of this Indian was Manteo; and the whole domestic history of England cannot boast a more perfect character. He was alike the firm friend of the English, and the stern patriot and defender of his tribe; and whenever a strife arose among them, he held out the olive-branch, and made peace upon the principles of justice. His savage birth and life were indeed but additional embellishments of his character; and while he restrained the inhuman vices of his tribe, he checked the not less odious avarice of his new and more civilized associates. On some future occasion I shall celebrate his humanity, his generosity, and his valour. At present I have only space thus briefly to introduce him to the reader, and to announce the more astonishing circumstance of his life—that he was honoured with the reverence, the obedience, and the gratitude of the whites.

On reaching the ships, Manteo wandered about the decks, examining every part of them with the curiosity of ignorance; and having tasted of their meat and of their wine, and received a present of a hat and some other trifles, he departed again to his own boat and attendants. He then put off into the water and "fell to fishing, and in less than half an hour he had laden his boat as deep as it could swim;" and then he came back to the shore, divided his fish between the two ships, and departed.

The next day Granganameo, the king's brother, with a fleet of canoes, entered Ocracock inlet; and leaving his boats, as Manteo had done, in a small cove, he came down to the water's edge near the ships. He was attended by forty or fifty men, "very handsome and goodly people, and in their behaviour as mannerly and civil as any of Europe;" and they spread down upon the sea-shore a long mat or carpet, upon which Granganameo was seated, and "at the other ende of this matte four others of his company did the like—the rest stood about him somewhat afar off."

He showed no signs of fear or mistrust as the English, dressed in full array of armour, approached; but he sat perfectly unmoved, and bade them, by signs, to be seated near him, and then he made them "all figures of joy and welcome—striking on his breast and on his head, and afterwards on ours, to shew we were all one—smiling and making shewe the best he could, of all love and familiaritie." After this welcome, Granganameo made them a long set speech, to which Captain Amadas replied by presenting him with divers things, which he joyfully received; and during the whole ceremony none of the company of attendants spoke a word audibly, but each in the other's ear very softly.

During this visit the voyagers learned that the country was called Wingandaceo, and that the king was named Wingina, and that his majesty had recently had a fight, in "which he was shot in two places through the body, and once clear through the thigh

—by reason whereof, and for that he lay at the chief town of the country, which was five days' journey off, they saw him not at all." Thus, by the illness of the king, Granganameo was in authority, and when the Captain went around making presents to the company of attendants, he rose from his seat and took them all away, and indicated to the voyagers that all things should be given to him, and that the men around were but his servants and his followers.

In a few days the voyagers commenced trading with the savages for skins, and such other commodities as they possessed; and on showing all their merchandise, the article that most took the fancy of Granganameo was a large, bright tin dish, which he seized, and "clapt it before his breast, and after made a hole in the brim thereof and hung it about his neck, making signs that it would defend him against his enemies' arrows; for these people maintain a deadly and terrible war with the people and king adjoining. They exchanged the tin dish for twenty skins, worth twenty crowns, and a copper kettle for fifty skins, worth fifty crowns."

A few days after this, the captains gave a collation on board the ships, and Granganameo came with all his retinue, and they drank wine and ate of their meat and of their bread, and were exceedingly pleased; and in a few days more he brought his wife, his daughter, and two or three children on board the ships. His wife is represented as having been a most beautiful and modest woman. She wore a long black cloak of leather, with the fur-side next to her skin;

her forehead was surmounted with a band of white coral, and from her ears swung, even down to her waist, bracelets of precious pearl. Her raven hair was streaming down from her coral crown, and intertwisting itself with her ear-rings of pearl, flowed gracefully back over her jetty robe in wild and unshorn luxuriance. Granganameo, too, on this occasion, was dressed in state. A crescent of unpolished metal, much resembling gold, surmounted his head; and this he would neither remove for their inspection, nor would he even stoop or bend that they might touch it. A band of white coral ran around his head, passing over his forehead immediately at the bow of the crescent, as if it had been its border; and this, with the tuft of hair on the summit of his scalp, completed his head-dress. His body was robed in a black cloak similar to the one worn by his wife, and this seemed to be the uniform of those whom the voyagers denominated the nobles of the land. The young daughter of Granganameo was distinguished by an extraordinary cluster of ear pendants, an uncommonly beautiful head of richly flowing auburn hair, and a pair of bright chestnut eyes. Such were the fashions of the savages of North Carolina.

The civility and kindness of the voyagers were well appreciated by Granganameo and his wife; and they spread around the country such reports of their good-will, that "a great store of people" came down to Wokokon to see the strangers, and to trade away skins, pearls, coral, and dyes. During all this intercourse nothing occurred to give dissatisfaction on

either side, and in a few days we find Captain Barlowe, with seven comrades, at Roanoke Island on a visit to Granganameo. The particulars of this visit deserve to be specially detailed, to illustrate not more the manners and customs, than the hospitality of the uncorrupted American savage.

On the north point of Roanoke Island there stood an Indian village of nine houses. Several were very large and commodious dwellings, being built of the best cedar, and containing as many as five rooms. The town was fortified by a circle of pickets, and the entrance through this, into the interior of the village, was over a turnpike-path, which wound around from the water's edge, and entered the fortification through an avenue of these picketed trees. This was the town of Granganameo; and as Captain Barlowe and his company approached it in their boats, the wife of the good savage, being in the entrance near the water's edge, saw and welcomed them cheerfully and friendly.

Granganameo not being at home, the civilities of the tribe devolved upon his wife—and generously did she acquit herself. She ordered a number of men to draw the boats out of the water, others she appointed to carry the voyagers on their backs, and when they were brought in the outer room, she gave them seats around a large fire. Their outer garments, which had been wet in a rain, were taken off, quickly washed and dried, and the women of the village came and brought warm water and bathed their feet. My reader, I have drawn this picture

not from my imagination, but from history; nor have I purloined from classic annals a description of the Golden age, and thrown it amid the scenery of Roanoke Island; but this good Indian woman deserves to live renowned in the history of North Carolina as the good Samaritan, who ministered to the sorrows of the weary and distressed.

But Granganameo's wife was not satisfied even with these cordial attentions. She had prepared, in the words of Captain Barlowe, "a solemn banquet," wherewithal to refresh them; and as soon as they had dried themselves, and reassumed their outer garments, they were ushered into an inner room to enjoy the feast. The tables were set all around against the walls of the house, and on them were placed "some wheate like furmentie; venison, sodden and roasted; fish sodden, boiled and roasted; melons, rawe and sodden; roots of divers kinds, and divers fruites." Their drink was wine, made of the grapes of the island, and ginger-cinnamon and sassafras-water. Captain Barlowe exclaims—"We were entertained with all love and kindness, and with as much bountie, after their manner, as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, and such as live after the manner of the Golden age."

The house of Granganameo comprised five rooms. The hall in which the voyagers first entered, the banquet-room, and then came two sleeping-chambers, and in the rear of them all was the sanctum, in which they kept an *idol* to bend before and to wor-

ship, and "of whom they spoke incredible things." The feast went off gloriously. The voyagers gave many signs of their pleasure and gratification, and the good woman implored them to tarry for the night; but the prudent Captain Barlowe preferred lounging in an open boat near the shore during a rainy night, lest there might be some miscarriage. She, however, sent them mats to cover with, and brought down to the boat, with her own hands, some supper put in pots; and Captain Barlowe concludes his account of the feast by declaring, that a more kind or loving people cannot be found in the world.

Let us now see what information, as to the geography of the country, these voyagers acquired. The Indian name of the Albemarle Sound was *Occam*, and into it flowed a river called *Nomopana*, and near the mouth of this river was a town called Chowanook, and the name of the king thereof was *Pooneno*. The Pamlico shores of the county of Carterek were called *Secotan*, and those of Craven, *Pomonick*. Secotan was under the king of *Wingandacco*, and *Pomonick* under an independent king, named *Piamacum*. In the interior, toward the setting sun, the country was called Newsiok, and through it coursed the river Neus. The king of this country was in alliance with Piamacum, and had aided him in a war against the Secotans. The journal of Captain Barlowe speaks, too, of a river called *Cipo*, which flowed into the *Occam*, in which were found "great store of muscles" producing pearls, and constant allusion is made to a great town call-

ed *Shicock*, which was said to be five days' journey from the banks of the *Occam*.

There was a tradition about Secotan, that, some years before the arrival of the voyagers, a ship had been wrecked on the coast, and the unfortunate strangers had been preserved by the savages. They remained ten days on the southern cape of Wokokon Island, and afterwards put to sea in a rudely-constructed craft, and were seen no more. Some weeks after their boat was found wrecked on a contiguous island, and these were the only people "well apparelled and of white colour" of whom the Indians had ever heard.

I will here conclude my notices of the voyage of Captains Amadas and Barlowe. The report which they made to Sir Walter Raleigh gave a powerful impulse to the adventurous spirit of the whole British nation, and was distinguished at that day as the very beginning of the authority of England over the present territory of the United States. A rich bracelet of pearl was carried home and worn by Sir Walter as an emblem of his new dominions; and Manteo and Wauchese, two of the native savages, were passengers back to England, where they became the companions of the noble Lord Proprietor of Virginia.

CHAP. III.

THE MECKLENBURGH DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"A glorious people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations—liberty."

SHELLEY.

IN the first chapter of this work I celebrated the adventures of the first voyagers of Sir Walter Raleigh, and I pointed to the first spot consecrated by the flag of England. I there claimed for the territory of North Carolina the distinction of having been the mother-earth of our Anglo-American empire; and I detailed, with some enthusiasm, the blessings which had resulted to all mankind from the circumstance that England, and not Spain, France, or Portugal first occupied our shores. I now approach an event in the history of North Carolina, alike interesting in its occurrence, alike important in its consequences, as fatal to the authority of England as it was glorious for the sovereignty of the American people. After a revolution of nearly two hundred years, the flag which, on the 13th of July, 1584, had been planted on the coast of North Carolina, began to wane, the unfitness of the government of England for the condition of her American colonies became

every year more obvious; and amid the commotions and throes of an excited and an indignant nation, the people of Mecklenburgh county signalized the 20th of May, 1775, as the last day of the power of England over a portion of the original domain of Sir Walter Raleigh. On that memorable occasion American independence was first asserted; and it is curious to observe, that the annals of a single state should contribute the two great events in the history of the present age—the alpha and the omega of the dominion of England over her old North American colonies.

When the first continental congress met in Philadelphia, in September, 1774, the people of the colonies could not have been said to have been united on any other principle of opposition to the crown than the mere right of taxation without representation. American independence was a treason not to be spoken of in the sunshine of open day; and I believe I may point to the name of my countryman, William Hooper,* as the only member of that illustrious body who had openly predicted independence, and who had already cast the horoscope of his infant country. Always ahead of his contemporaries in the career of liberal principles, we find him urging independence, while others were contending for the stale right of petition, under the banner of reconciliation. He had been the favourite pupil of James Otis of Massachusetts, and caught from him the fire of freedom.

* See Letter to James Iredell, 24th April, 1774, third part of the Defence of North Carolina.

In North Carolina, for at least ten years before the meeting of the continental congress, the great struggle had been directed against the oppressions of the provincial government. The tyrannical legislation of parliament had never been felt, and an annual protest against the right to tax was the only attitude of hostility ever assumed by the assembly against the crown of England. Our sufferings were altogether internal. Arbitrary taxes were levied, not for the crown, but for the support of the Governor and his party; and when Mr. Burgwyn, one of the auditors of the government, made his famous report in 1772, stating, that although money enough had been collected from the people to have liquidated the debt of the province, still that that debt was not liquidated, the house of assembly promptly repealed the special tax-law, and when the Governor vetoed their bill, they then, in a series of resolutions, recommended to the people to pay no more such taxes.

If any reliance can be placed upon the political signs of that day, it is not venturing too much to assert, that had not the provincial congress been convened, the people of North Carolina, before the close of the year 1774, would have been in a state of open rebellion; and with an unanimity, too, which would have ensured the overthrow of the royal government of the province, and have commanded the admiration of every true American heart. But, although she was thus independent in her actions, as well as in the wrongs under which she writhed, she was not wanting in all due sympathy with her sister colonies, and

especially with old Massachusetts, the native land of William Hooper, who, indeed, in that day stood as the Colossus of the Whig party of the province.

As soon, however, as the proposition to convene a continental congress had been proclaimed in North Carolina, the hostility which had been for so long a time directed against the provincial government, catching additional fury from the prospect of a national union, now sought a nobler object for its aim; and with the crown of England in full view, the people lost sight of the petty Governor and his mercenary minions. The fever of a general revolt spread from Hatteras to the remote west; and so rapid and so eager was this feeling, that in less than five months after the first thought of a continental congress, the whole province was in a state of the strictest organization, each county with its commitee busily engaged in accumulating the materials for war.

Such, then, was the state of public feeling in North Carolina for some months previous to the 20th of May, 1775; and the reader will here remember, that at that time Boston was in the possession of British troops. Our North Carolina governor had been routed from the palace at New-Berne, and was daily threatening our shores with the long-expected armament of Sir Peter Parker, which was to spread havock and desolation over the whole province. He had stirred up the Scotch population to oppose the Whig cause—he had spread dissentions among the people along the southern borders—he had excited the slaves to a midnight massacre of the

wives and daughters of the land—and the news which flew into the interior from the sea-board, was, that the ocean itself was covered with the canvass of England, bearing on to our shores her victorious arms. Dark, however, as was the hour, our countrymen did not falter. The county committees were regularly in session, deliberating on the state of the province; and it was just at this excited crisis of affairs when Colonel Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburgh, at the instance of many gentlemen of that county, ordered the election of two delegates from each of the districts of old Mecklenburgh, then including Cabarrus, to meet in convention at Charlotte, on the 19th day of May, to consult for the public safety.

But before the time appointed for the meeting of this convention had arrived, the clamour of war was heard from the far north, and the people of Mecklenburgh were started up, as it were from a dream, by the clank of arms and the shouts of victory, which now reached them from the battle-field of Lexington. On the morning of the 19th of May, the whole county was up in arms; and along the winding paths of the hills and the valleys, were everywhere to be seen squadrons of armed men on their reeking steeds, dashing on to Charlotte. The whole population of the county was there concentrated, each man busily engaged in gathering the details of the battle—such as the number and the names of those who had fallen, and if they had fallen with a glory worthy of their cause. The matrons of Mecklenburgh, too, were that day at Charlotte, counselling with the

patriarchs of the land, and urging on their beardless boys to a preparation for the tented field of war. A cloud of darkness seemed to hang over the destinies of our country, as if the smoke of that battle-field had been swept onward by the gale, and now enveloped the wild forests of freedom's land. In the midst of all this excitement, the convention met. It was just such an hour as that which precedes a volcanic burst, when the mountain now reels and groans, and then endures silently its tremendous agony; and as that immense concourse of people stood under the silence of an excitement too intense for words, watching the every action and syllable of the assembled patriarchs, a motion was made to declare independence, and the mountain goddess of American liberty flashed into existence, amid the shouts of the multitude, ready and equipped for battle, like Pallas, from the head of Jove.

A committee was then appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of the convention, and then they adjourned to meet the next day. On the 20th of May, 1775, immediately after the organization of the convention, Ephraim Brevard, the chairman of the committee, rose, and read the famous Mecklenburgh declaration of independence. It was then unanimously adopted, and proclaimed to the world as the future political creed of the people of Mecklenburgh. This state paper, although wanting in many of the requisites of a finished composition, surpasses, in the boldness of its principles and in the energy of its language, any document of the age in

which it was produced. Its tone is the emphasis of freedom—its great principle was as the first ray of light from heaven—and it sprung from the excited and troubled mind of it author as irradiant as lightning from a cloud. The late John Adams, when first he saw the Mecklenburgh declaration, pronounced upon it his judgment, that the feelings of America at that period were never so well expressed; and he tortured the vanity of Mr. Jefferson, by saying to him, in the same letter, "besides, too, it was actually fifteen months before your declaration." Previous to it, reconciliation was the ultimatum—compromises were spoken of—we were to be represented in parliament—we were to have a race of nobles, created from among our own people; but all these schemes the patriots of Mecklenburgh dashed aside as a poisoned chalice, and, claiming the right to think for themselves, they pointed to national independence as the great end of the struggle with the mother country. The electricity of heaven never gleamed more brilliantly over her mountains of gold than did that fire of independence as it spread over her hills and her valleys, all glowing from Concord to the banks of the beautiful Catawba.

This remarkable event in the history of North Carolina, although noticed at the time by a proclamation from the royal Governor, was thrown into the dark by the hard fighting which immediately succeeded it. The battle of Bunker's Hill—the military organization of the province—the establishment of the Whig government—the battle of the Great Bridge,

and the conflagration of Norfolk—in both of which our North Carolina troops were engaged—the battle of Moore's Creek—and, finally, the unanimous adoption of a resolution in favour of independence by the assembled congress of the province, were but a few of the important events which occurred before the first anniversary of the Mecklenburgh declaration. Nor should I here fail to record, that this unanimous vote in favour of independence was on the 13th day of April, 1776, more than a month previous to the famous resolutions of that neighbouring state which, until a few years past, arrogated to herself the honour of having first moved the ball of independence. When Mr. Adams first sent to Mr. Jefferson the Mecklenburgh declaration, and the latter gentleman saw therein all the opinions and much of the language of the national declaration, he rebelled and writhed as if the great secret sin of his whole life had been exposed to the full glare of day. He seized his pen —denounced not only the document, but all the names appended to it, as a mere hoax; and in the impetuosity of his malignant wrath, declared that William Hooper was the rankest Tory in congress; and that this Mecklenburgh declaration was like "the North Carolina volcano," of which he remembered once to have heard.

The Mecklenburgh declaration had, in faith, been buried by the North Carolina volcano of war and bloodshed which succeeded it; but the excavations have been made, and the precious jewel has been brought to light, and it will stand as the great era

in the future histories of our republic. An eminent Neapolitan, some years ago, wrote a book to prove that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of glass as applied to the windows of dwellings, and only a few weeks after its publication the excavations at Pompeii disclosed an edifice adorned with just such glass windows as a modern villa; and so it has been with the researches which have been made into the buried history of North Carolina—the Mecklenburgh declaration and the *independence* resolutions have been disclosed, and the history of the state of Virginia is like the Neapolitan's book.

But it is not our revolutionary annals only which have been misrepresented. The name of Sir Walter Raleigh, so intimately associated with the early history of North Carolina, is familiarly claimed as one of the stars of Virginia; and so very generally has this impression been stamped upon the literature of the age, that a distinguished foreigner, Mr. Tyrone Power, in his notices of the town of Petersburgh, enthusiastically exclaims, "this is the Eldorado of Sir Walter Raleigh." He might as well have pronounced the river Appamattox the river Euphrates, and the country around him the site of the garden of Eden. Still Mr. Power is not to be censured. The illiterate scribblers and orators of Virginia have boasted as much of the name of Sir Walter as if he had actually kept the old Raleigh tavern at Williamsburgh. The famous John Randolph, of *Roanoke*, condescended to purloin from the annals of a state which he sometimes affected to despise, the only dignity of his

name; and I saw last winter, in the columns of the Richmond Enquirer, (from the pen, as I have since understood, of a Charlottesville professor,) a somewhat personal attack upon me for having asserted, in a volume of history, the notorious fact, that the name of Virginia was originally applied to the islands of the coast of North Carolina. Very well, Mr. Professor Tucker, your swaggering at Saratoga, notwithstanding. "*Catalinæ gladios contempsi non tuos pertimescam.*"

CHAP. IV.

"Let's quarrel about these matters. It will make us better friends. Seeing that we shall know each others' thoughts and rights."

BLACKWOOD.

To the Editor of the N. Y. American:

The two articles which I herewith enclose, appeared—the one in the American, the other in the Evening Star—some three weeks since. I beg that you will re-publish them, and that you will allow me the use of your columns to vindicate "*my assumptions for North Carolina.*"

[*From the New-York American.*]

The last Mirror contains an article on the Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence, from the "Memorials of North Carolina, by Jo. Seawell Jones"—from which I extract the following sentence, to reply to which I beg the use of your columns:

"But it is not our revolutionary annals only which have been misrepresented. The name of Sir Walter Raleigh, so intimately connected with the early history of North Carolina, is familiarly claimed as one of the stars of Virginia; and so very generally has this impression been stamped upon the literature of the age, that a distinguished foreigner—Mr.

Tyrone Power—in his notices of the town of Petersburg, enthusiastically exclaims—'this is the Eldorado of Sir Walter Raleigh.' He might as well have pronounced the river Appomatax the river Euphrates, and the country around him the site of the garden of Eden. Still Mr. Power is not to blame. The illiterate scribblers and orators of Virginia have boasted as much of the name of Sir Walter, as if he had kept the old 'Raleigh Tavern' at Williamsburgh."

Now, Mr. Editor, that Jamestown was settled under the immediate auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, and that the country was called by him *Virginia*, in honor of the virginity of Queen Elizabeth, I never heard denied before. Mr. Jones, whose character I sincerely respect, is entirely at fault in this matter; and he will find himself—in his assumptions for North Carolina—at war with Irving, Paulding, and all the learning of the country.

A Subscriber.

[*From the Evening Star.*]

Mr. Jones of North Carolina and Virginia.

Mr. Editor.—Your proverbial affection for the character and principles of Mr. Jefferson has attached to your name the best feelings of the South, and I therefore send you this for the columns of the Evening Star, having no doubt but that it will meet your approbation. The name of Jefferson has been of late years the subject of so much vituperation, that many

reasonable people, who never examine for themselves, conclude, from the number of his assailants, that some great sin in his life has been but recently brought to light. The last N. C. Mirror contains an extract from the Memorials of North Carolina by Mr. Jones of that State; and we there see that that gentleman continues his abuse of Mr. Jefferson under the guise of defending his own State. He hates Mr. Jefferson for his principles, and hates Virginia because she is proud of her native sage of freedom. According to him, Mr. Jefferson stole "all the opinions and much of the language" of the Declaration of Independence from the Mecklenburgh Declaration. According to him, Sir Walter Raleigh was not the Lord of the sacred shore at Jamestown; and according to him the name of Raleigh is connected with no other territory of the Union but that of North Carolina. All these are new and startling points, and contradicted by every historian of any note; and *this historical Revolutionist* cannot expect Virginia to sit quietly and witness the degradation and insult of her proudest feelings.

Mr. Jones sneers, too, at Mr. Randolph's title of "*Roanoke*," and says he purloined it from the annals of North Carolina. But how this is, he does not tell us. The river Roanoke is in the State of Virginia, and sweeps over a much wider extent of that State than it does of North Carolina. The estate of Mr. Randolph was directly upon its banks, and there he was born, and from there he had as much right to take a *name*, as Mr. Jones had to take the name of

Shocco from the spot of his birth. The spirit with which Mr. Jones assails Virginia, and every thing connected with her history, convinces me he must have some latent, concealed reason for his bitter hatred; and so long as he does not misrepresent the facts of our history, he may justify himself in the eyes of many; but I could not permit his claim to Sir Walter Raleigh as the founder of North Carolina to pass uncontradicted, nor let even the occasion pass without saying a word of defence for the lamented Jefferson and Randolph. A VIRGINIAN.

When I first saw these two articles, it did not appear to me as at all necessary that I should reply to any thing they contained. In the first place they were anonymous communications, and I did not consider the editors of either paper in any wise responsible for their contents. Besides, too, I had supposed, that if there was any point of American history settled and altogether beyond controversy, it was the fact that the coast of North Carolina had been colonized under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh; and that Roanoke, and the contiguous islands of that State, were known under the name of Virginia for more than twenty years before the settlement of Jamestown. But it seems I am not to be permitted to repose upon this conviction. I am denounced as an "Historical Revolutionist," because I record the undoubted events of the history of our country, and because the mere record of those events assails the originality of the history of Virginia. With an en-

lightened public, denunciations of this kind can have no effect. If I have assumed too much for the history of North Carolina, convict me by an appeal to the authorities of history; and if "*A Virginian*" wishes to illustrate his own ignorance more fully than he has already done, he cannot do better than to devote himself to such a task; and as his primal effort in such a cause, I challenge him to reply to this communication.

The only two points involved in this controversy important for me to notice, are,

1st. The claim of the late Mr. Randolph to the title of *Roanoke;* and,

2d. "Was Jamestown settled under the immediate auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh; and was the country adjacent thereto called by him *Virginia*, in honour of the virginity of Queen Elizabeth?"

On the subject of Mr. Randolph's claim to the title of *Roanoke*, it is necessary to state that the river which now bears that name, was known in Indian history under the name of *Moratuck;* and that it did not receive its present appellation until at least a century after the first settlement of the island. The meaning of the word Roanoke is Pearl; and such was its renown in Indian tradition, that the main river which fed the *Occam*, or Albemarle Sound, by degrees received the compliment of its name. All the glorious associations of the word, however, belong exclusively to the island. It was there where the good Indian woman, the wife of Granganameo, entertained the first voyagers of Sir Walter. In its wa-

ters the generous Manteo was baptized a Christian; and it was on its soil where he was invested, by the command of Raleigh, with the title of nobility, and created Lord of Roanoke. It was in the deep recesses of its vine-clad groves that the first Anglo-American saw the light of heaven. There the foundation of the ancient "*citie of Raleigh*" was laid; and it was there where an English people lived, suffered, and died.

Mr. Randolph had caught some vague idea of the fame of the word in Indian tradition, and ignorantly supposing that the small stream at his feet, or at least that portion of the main river which lies in the state of Virginia, might be the heir to all its glorious associations, he did not scruple to adopt it as a part of his own name—leaving the world to infer that there was some probable connection between his ancestry and the Pearl Island of the savage lord of Roanoke. Besides, too, he claimed to be descended from an Indian princess; and in his crazy ambition for the empty sound of a title, he embraced the opportunity to complete his aboriginal pedigree by purloining from the peerage list of North Carolina the almost forgotten nobility of one of her native savages.

But what does the correspondent of the Evening Star mean by asserting that "the river Roanoke is in the State of Virginia, and that it sweeps over a much wider extent of that State than it does of North Carolina?" Has he ever even so much as looked at a map of North Carolina? Has he ever studied one

of the state of Virginia—or was he ever at school at all? A more "illiterate scribbler" than he is can no where be found; and I doubt very much whether even Professor Tucker himself, in his forthcoming Memoirs of Jefferson, will be able to exhibit any thing more striking in the way of blundering arrogance and ignorance. The river Roanoke in the state of Virginia! I wonder the gentleman did not claim the Mississippi because the Kenawha happened to be in Virginia. The truth is—and if the reader will refer to the map of Virginia he will find it is so—the Roanoke, as it starts from the junction of the Dan and Stanton, does not continue in the State of Virginia for more than forty miles; and then, entering North Carolina in the county of Warren, it sweeps over a fertile section of that State of more than one hundred and fifty miles in extent. So much for the geographical knowledge of "A Virginian." Let us now try him upon another point of the local history of his own State.

"Mr. Randolph's plantation then was directly upon the banks of this river Roanoke, which is in the State of Virginia, and which sweeps over a much wider extent of that State than it does of North Carolina." Now, with all due deference, I think this too is a mistake, though not one of so much importance as "A Virginian" usually makes. Mr. Randolph lived in the county of Charlotte, which, I am sure, is some fifty miles from the junction of the Dan and Stanton, away up towards the mountains; and I am very sure the Roanoke does not turn about and run *up* the Stanton Hills all the way to Mr. Randolph's estate;

and then retracing its course, turn, as it were, reluctantly towards North Carolina. If that noble stream had ever achieved such a triumph over the laws of nature, "A Virginian" would have been at least in the neighborhood of truth in asserting "that it sweeps over a much wider extent of Virginia than of North Carolina."

Mr. Randolph's plantation, then, was not upon this stream, and remembering his ridiculous squeamishness as to the title of *Roanoke*, the world may well exclaim, where then was it? It was on a creek which courses through the county of Charlotte, emptying its waters into the Stanton, and which said creek has been dignified with the name of "Little Roanoke River." Such was Mr. Randolph's claim to the title which he assumed, and the reader will not fail to remember the story of the 4th of July orator in Rome, New-York, who boasted that the village around him had been the city of the Cæsars, nor of the lunatic of Sparta, in Georgia, who insisted that he was the countryman of Lycurgus and of the heroes of Thermopylæ.

I will now come to the second point of this controversy, viz:—Was Jamestown settled under the immediate auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, and was the country adjacent thereto called by him *Virginia* in honor of the virginity of Queen Elizabeth? The correspondent of the American is a lady distinguished for her love of letters; and her personal as well as mental charms are, in my view, more than poetical. No man yields to her more of the homage of

his heart than myself; but it would be unbecoming in me to sacrifice the history of my country to the enthusiasm of my feelings. She has enclosed to me an extract from a recent publication of Washington Irving, Esq. which fully sustains her in the position she has taken against me; and it being adverse to my principles to war against a beautiful woman, I shall accept the substitute she has offered, and thus welcome the strife.

The extract from the work of Mr. Irving is the second paragraph of the *Creole Village*—a contribution from his pen to the Magnolia for 1837, and is as follows:—"In the phraseology of New England might be found many an old English provincial phrase—long since obsolete in the parent country—with some quaint relics of the Round-heads, *while Virginia cherishes peculiarities characteristic of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh.*"

Mr. Irving might as well have said that Virginia cherished peculiarities characteristic of the days of Herodias and John the Baptist; for if she retains any memorials of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, it would puzzle even Mr. Irving's profound reading to tell how she obtained them. The Queen died on the 24th of March, 1603, and the very first expedition for the settlement of Virginia sailed from England on the 19th of December, 1606,—nearly four years after the death of that famous princess. (See Smith's History of Virginia, vol. 1, p. 150.) Sir Walter Raleigh, too, was entirely out of the way of imparting any peculiarities to Virginia at the date

of her earliest settlement, for he had been convicted of treason on the 17th of November, 1603, and was sent to the Tower, where he remained, (if in political durance, still in literary glory,) for the space of twelve years. How then is it possible that Virginia should have any memorials of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter to cherish? A more gross assault upon the truth of history can no where be found than in this short sentence of Mr. Irving, which is the less excusable in him, from the fact that he devoted many years of painful study to the composition of a work which has linked his name with the discovery and settlement of the whole continent of America; and it is difficult to conceive how a scholar of such maturity of research, could have studied so closely the history of that age without retaining, as the fixed stars of his memory, those great events in the life of the noble Sir Walter, which have indissolubly connected his name with the history of the Anglo-American race.

If Mr. Irving is curious on the subject of peculiarities characteristic of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, he should go to North Carolina. I will ensure him a rich field for the exertion of his antiquarian zeal: and there, too, he can operate without any apprehension of mistaking the date of Elizabeth's existence, for the shores of that State were really occupied in the name of the Queen and of Sir Walter on the 13th of July, 1584.—[See Hakluyt, vol. 3, p. 246.]—If, therefore, in the course of his researches, he should perceive any fashions

among the people of North Carolina, bearing the remotest resemblance to the age of Queen Bess, he might very plausibly set them down as "peculiarities characteristic," &c.; for in that case the good Queen would not have been dead some four years, nor the gallant Knight in the Tower some three years, previous to the very existence of a colony.

The truth is, North Carolina is full of feeling for the memory of Sir Walter, and it would be impossible for the most inattentive traveller to put his foot upon the shores of that State without hearing from the first islander he might encounter, the fact that the country around him was sacred to the services of Raleigh. He would be reminded of it by the thousand traditionary stories he would hear—by the very names of the hills, the valleys, and the streams around him; and I may venture to assert that there is no portion of the whole Union so illustrious in legendary lore as Roanoke Island—illustrious, indeed, from the very fact that it is linked with the magic name of Raleigh.

> His memory sparkles o'er the fountain,
> The meanest rill—the mightiest river
> Rolls—mingled with his name forever.

There is the beautiful tradition of *Sir Walter Raleigh's Ship*, which has descended from the earliest history of the island, and which is still cherished with a religious veneration by the good matrons of the land. There is the capital of the State, situated in the centre of a county named in honor of a beauti-

ful woman, Miss Esther Wake—constituting perhaps the most appropriate memorial of her founder; and if Sir Walter himself could revisit the earth, and behold the magnificent palace which now crowns the summit of the city of his name, his ambition to be remembered as the Romulus of a new people would be fully realized.

To the Editor of the New-York American:

Sir,—In one of your late papers I observe a long article from the able pen of Mr. *Joseph Seawell Jones* of Shocco, by which I find that worthy and excellent historian to be involved in much vexatious controversy with certain writers of Virginia, on the subject of the claims of their respective States to associate the names of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh with their early history. As this controversy is arriving at that unhappy point where hard names and bitter epithets begin to fly about, let us try, Mr. Editor, whether you and I cannot accommodate the matter, and restore the parties to harmony.

According to Mr. Jones, the coast of what is now called North Carolina was colonized under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh on the 13th of July, 1584, and Roanoke and the contiguous islands of that State were known under the name of Virginia for more than twenty years before the settlement of Jamestown.

On this he appears to found the claims of North

Carolina to a monopoly of the "glorious associations" before mentioned.

Now, it appears to me that these "glorious associations," though a very valuable and substantial property, and well worth quarrelling about, are capable of being much dilated and extended, especially when connected with the shifting boundaries of ill-defined discoveries, and the fluctuating fortunes of early colonies. Let us try, then, if we cannot stretch them in the present instance so as to satisfy the reasonable wants of both parties, and so put an end to this unhappy controversy.

As to the expeditions fitted out under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, they embraced a wide extent of coast, from the West Indian Islands to Newfoundland; for we find his step-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, at St. Johns, in June, 1583, with ships partly fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, when he takes possession of Newfoundland and its fisheries for the British Crown.

It was a year afterwards that another expedition, sailing under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, swept the West Indian Islands and the coast of Florida, and colonized the coast of North Carolina, as aforesaid.

So much for the scope of Sir Walter Raleigh's expeditions. Now, as to the extent of country originally known as Virginia. This really appears at first to have been indefinite, and to have extended even to the northern limits of what has since been called New England.

In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold sailed for the "northern part of Virginia," and when that worthy navigator was baffling and perplexing himself with cruizing about Cape Cod, Point Gammon, Onky Tonky,* Buzzard's Bay, and other places of classic name, he evidently considered himself coasting the country called after the Virgin Queen, and brought to light by the enterprises of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Furthermore, we find James I. of England, by letters patent, dividing that part of America lying between the 34th and 45th degrees of north latitude into North and South Virginia; the latter including all the coast between 34° and 40°.

In 1630 further modifications took place affecting the names of these regions. In that year Charles I. granted to Sir Robert Heath all the territory between 30° and 36° north latitude, under the name of Carolina. This, in 1761, was subdivided into North and South Carolina.

It would appear from all these premises, Mr. Editor, that North Carolina, after all, forms but a small portion of the vast country originally called after the Virgin Queen, and considered as discovered by the enterprises set on foot by Sir Walter Raleigh. If, therefore, we would observe strict justice in portioning out these "glorious associations" exclusively claimed for North Carolina, we ought not merely to give Virginia a full share, but to extend them far along the coast to the north, so that the remote rays

* Since vulgarized into *Uncle Timmy*.—Ed. N. Y. Amer.

might even gild the names of Cape Cod, Point Gammon, Buzzard's Bay, and Onky Tonky.

I must confess, Mr. Editor, I was somewhat surprised, in reading the article of Mr. Jones, to find Mr. Washington Irving mixed up in the unhappy controversy, and that gentleman charged outright with "a gross violation of the truth of history." I was at a loss to imagine how Mr. Irving had run foul of these litigated points, and how he had made himself amenable to so heavy a charge; whether in his history of the voyages of Columbus, or in his history of the Dutch dynasty of the Manhattoes. In both I knew he had much to do with questions of discovery and colonization, and that in both he laid claim to the most scrupulous attention to historic truth. I found, however, that it was in none of his historical works, but in a paragraph of a comic sketch called the "Creole Village," published in one of the late Annuals.

Now, I have no idea of taking up the gauntlet for Mr. Irving. If he will write comic sketches without profound historical research, and, above all, will attempt to give them the weight and authority of one of those grave depositories of learned lore, the Annuals, let him be outlawed beyond the pale of courtesy, and abandoned to the mercy of all aggrieved historians. But, as his offence seems, in some measure, connected with the question in dispute, let us examine it more particularly.

Mr. Irving stands clearly convicted of having said, in his comic sketch aforesaid, "that the State of Virginia cherishes peculiarities characteristic of the

days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh." This, to be sure, points to no precise historic date or event, and seems to be a mere general observation on the state of society. Mr. Jones, however, indignantly denounces it as "a gross violation of the truth of history," and demands of Mr. Irving how Virginia "could obtain such peculiarities?"—the Queen having been dead nearly three years, and Sir Walter Raleigh being in prison at the time of the settlement of Jamestown (in 1607).

Now, really, Mr. Editor, though Queen Elizabeth had been dead, and Sir Walter was in prison at the time, it does not follow that the peculiarities characteristic of their days had either expired with the one or been shut up in the prison of the other.

But how did Virginia obtain them? Perhaps they were imported in the early expeditions to Jamestown. The first expedition, commanded by the gallant Captain Smith, and which founded that town, was set on foot by an association of noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants who had flourished under the reign of Elizabeth: on board of Smith's ship sailed Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland. Several young gentlemen, accustomed to polite and genial life, and whose hands, unused to labor, blistered on wielding the axes, sailed on this expedition. In a subsequent expedition, in 1609, we find the names of Lord De la Warre, Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Dale, and others,—men of rank and distinction, who had been subjects of Queen Elizabeth, and were contemporaries, if not

associates, with Sir Walter Raleigh. These men held distinguished stations in the enterprise to Virginia: but there are many others, not specifically named, cavaliers of sanguine temperament and swelling hope, who had caught the romantic views of Sir Walter Raleigh, and expected to find a perfect El Dorado in the wilds of Virginia. These were the men from whom Virginia obtained peculiarities characteristic of the days of Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh; these were the men that may have stamped the Virginian character with that open, generous, hospitable, dashing spirit, which it retains to the present day. I do not, therefore, see, after all, that Mr. Irving has committed the gross outrage upon history of which he stands accused.

But, says Mr. Jones, "if Mr. Irving is curious on the subject of peculiarities characteristic of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, he should go to North Carolina."

Wishing Mr. Irving a pleasant journey, and a merry christmas into the bargain, if he should arrive about this time, we will now see how North Carolina "obtained" those peculiarities? Was it from the colony formed upon her coast in 1584, by the expedition fitted out under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh? Hardly, Sir. The whole term of existence of that colony was not above half a dozen years. Some of the colonists were slain by the Indians; others returned, disheartened, in their ships; of the fate of others nothing was ever heard. In 1590 the place was found in ruins, the houses demo-

lished, part of the stores buried in the earth, the colonists gone. Sir Walter Raleigh himself gave the matter up as desperate, and turned his thoughts to other enterprises.

In subsequent years, when Jamestown, in Virginia, had been settled, an expedition was sent from thence to see if any thing remained of the colony of Sir Walter Raleigh; but no traces were to be found.

While Virginia went on to increase and multiply her settlements, North Carolina appears to have remained a perfect wilderness. The first permanent settlement from which her population took its rise, was founded, we are told, about the year 1650 on Chowan River, principally *by emigrants from Virginia;* and the proprietors of the Carolina grant authorized Berkeley, the Governor of Virginia, to take the settlement under his government and protection.

It would appear, therefore, that the characteristics of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, which Mr. Irving is invited to go to North Carolina to study, must have been derived at second hand from Virginia, and actually imported from England by the way of Jamestown.

Thus, I trust, Mr. Editor, we have without any profound research, settled the matter, not merely to our own satisfaction, but to the satisfaction of the belligerent parties; and that the North Carolinians being offsets, as it were, from the generous stock of Virginia, and inheritors, through her, of the peculiarities characteristic of the days of good Queen Bess

and Sir Walter Raleigh, will not flout their parent State; but that both parties will divide in peace that inheritance of glorious associations, so justly prized by Mr. Joseph Seawell Jones, of Shocco; but which, if much more harped upon, will become in the public ear as a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Your constant correspondent,

PACIFICATOR.

To the Editor of the American:

I beg the use of your columns to rejoin to some animadversions in your last Saturday's paper over the signature of "*Pacificator*," in which the history of North Carolina is misrepresented, for the especial purpose of sustaining Mr. Irving's Virginian "peculiarities characteristic of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh." I myself, too, as the historian of North Carolina, am threatened with "*a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal*," if I dare say any thing more about the absurdity of these aforesaid peculiarities; and we are gravely told by the apologist of Mr. Irving —although Queen Elizabeth had been dead, and Sir Walter had been in prison some years before the settlement of Virginia—that still the peculiarities characteristic of their days had neither expired with the one nor been shut up in the tower with the other; and that of course it was to certain straggling peculiarities—certain ghost-like characteristics—which had surviv-

ed the death and the encasement, and which had been stained and corrupted by a four years' amalgamation with the Scotch hirelings of James the First, that the author of the Creole Village alluded, when he said "Virginia cherishes peculiarities characteristic of the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh."

This, then, is the defence of Mr. Irving, founded, the reader will perceive, upon the ancient doctrine of the transmigration of souls; for it plainly intimates that the spirit of Queen Bess animated the reign of her Scotch successor, and, in defiance of the strong contrast between their characters, carried out the "peculiarities characteristic" of her own days. But, unfortunately, the history of England contradicts the defence on this point. The characteristics of the reign of James are utterly at variance with those of the days of the Queen; and so this eccentric application of the doctrine of Pythagoras to historical research is another outrage upon history.

So—I beg the gentleman's pardon—I must insist that the "peculiarities characteristic," &c. did expire with the death of Elizabeth and with the imprisonment of Sir Walter; and I appeal to the history of England. Raleigh was, indeed, the very personification of the great characteristics of the reign of the Queen. In his gallantry every where—in the field as well as the ocean—he was ever the best representative of the ambition and the courage of his sovereign. In his frequent captures of the fleets and the island cities of Spain, he was but ministering to the bitter

national hatred of his mistress. In his literary pursuits, her desire to be surrounded by men of letters was realized; and the magnificence of his dress crowned the completeness of his personification of almost every peculiarity characteristic of the age of Queen Elizabeth. But still, so unsuited, from the very gallantry of his whole life, was this hero of his age, to the tame, pedantic, and cowardly genius of the Scotch king; so perfectly uncongenial were those splendid characteristics which were embodied in the character of Raleigh, with the low duplicity and insolent bigotry of James; that in less than one year after the succession of the latter to the throne, the gallant Knight was in the tower in disgrace, with all the laurels which the hand of his fairy Queen had bound about his brows, faded and "withered as if in the dark and silent grave."

The position of Mr. Irving is altogether untenable. The whole history of the English monarchy does not present a stronger contrast of character than between James and Elizabeth; and the idea of discovering, in a colonial establishment of the former, any "peculiarities characteristic" of the latter, is really too preposterous for serious consideration.

But, says the gentleman, speaking of certain adventurers in Virginia—"These were the men from whom Virginia obtained *her* peculiarities characteristic, &c.; these were the men who may have stamped the Virginian character with that open, generous, hospitable, dashing spirit, which it retains to the present day!" It has been so long a profitable

investment of pen, ink, paper, and unmeaning servile language, wherewith to scribble flattery to the leading politicians of Virginia, by ascribing to them these (in the United States) very common virtues, that I shall express no surprise at their present abused application. We have heard almost as much of the frankness, the generosity, hospitality, &c. of the Virginians, as if they were the only people in the Union inclined to the cultivation of the kindnesses of polite intercourse; and lo! here we have them paraded before the public as those grand "peculiarities characteristic" of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, which was discovered by Washington Irving, Esq.—illustrated by the soft lullaby of his apologist, and which Mr. Jo. Seawell Jones, of Shocco, had the impudence to mock, deride, and condemn, as outrages upon the truth of history.—The Virginians are no more remarkable for these household virtues than the people of Massachusetts or any other state. They are the common qualities of every American gentleman, and exceptions are as numerous in Virginia as any where else.

But I am told that the memorials of Sir Walter Raleigh, in North Carolina, "were derived at second hand from Virginia, and actually imported from England by the way of Jamestown." This is a question which I can very easily settle, and if the apologist of Mr. Irving had been capable of "*any very profound researches*," he might have done so himself. I mentioned expressly the legend of "*Sir Walter Raleigh's ship*," which is one of the most striking

and beautiful memorials of the Raleigh colony, and which is worth more than all the mongrel "peculiarities characteristic," &c. which Mr. Irving could discover, were he to become as profound in the life of Sir Walter as he undoubtedly is in that of our *distinguished* countryman, John Jacob Astor. This legend of Raleigh's ship is noticed by Lawson, the first edition of whose history was published in 1809, and is brought up in connection with the tradition of the Hatteras tribes of Indians, that they were descended from the white people of Sir Walter, who were left on Roanoke Island and afterwards abandoned by Governor White. The poor colonists were, doubtless, throughout their whole lives, expecting one of *Sir Walter Raleigh's* ships as their only means of relief; and as by degrees they amalgamated with the savages, the rising mixed generation caught the *hope*, and handed it down to the days of Lawson. The Hatteras Indians, in 1703, were a mixed and somewhat more civilized race, and the practice of intermarrying with the whites continued at that day. After a most rigid scrutiny into their subsequent history, I have achieved one remarkable fact—that in thus gradually losing the "*peculiarities characteristic*" of American savages, they brought down with them the tradition of "*Sir Walter Raleigh's ship*," and perpetuated it upon the very spot of its birth.

This, then, is one memorial of Sir Walter in North Carolina, which could not have been imported from Jamestown. Let us now try another.

When Governor White left the Raleigh colony on Roanoke Island in 1587, he enjoined it upon them, that in case they removed, they should carve upon a tree the name of their new place of abode. On his return, in 1590, he found the island abandoned; but, on reaching the tree, he found the word *Croatan* carved without the sign of the cross, which had been agreed upon as a secret signal of distress. I have collected much curious matter as to the veneration of the Indians for this tree, which I cannot here throw out; and it is sufficient at present to state, that I have encountered two persons of very advanced years who remembered and deplored its death; and to this day the last remains of its stump are pointed to you, and the poor Islander—ignorant he may be of every thing else—tells you proudly that it was Sir Walter's Tree.

I could point out numberless memorials of Raleigh in North Carolina which could not possibly have been imported from Jamestown. The apologist of Mr. Irving might as well have said that old Plymouth obtained its pilgrim memorials second-hand from Virginia; or that the ruins of the Raleigh colony, now visible and tangible on Roanoke Island, were like the "peculiarities characteristic," &c. of Mr. Irving, transmigrated through the souls of the Scotch king and a batch of his flatterers, via the city of Jamestown to North Carolina.

When Sir Walter, on the 7th of March, 1589, assigned his interest in the discoveries made under his letters patent, he styled himself "chief governor of

Assamacomoc—alias Wingandacco—alias Virginia;" and as these Indian names embraced but a small portion even of North Carolina, it appears that he did not consider Virginia so comprehensive an appellation as it afterwards came to be, and that it did not then include the present state of that name.

It is a great mistake to suppose that because Bartholomew Gosnold saw fit to call nearly the whole of North America *Virginia* in the year 1602, that ergo Sir Walter had done so in 1594; for we find that Sir Richard Grenville, in his first voyage to Roanoke in 1585, calls the country between Cape Fear and Cape Lookout, Florida; and so, after all, if Virginia did extend to "*Uncle Timmy*" to the north, it did not go any further south than about the site of the present town of Beaufort, not more than one hundred miles from the island. If Pacificator will look into Smith's History of Virginia too, he will see Roanoke and the adjacent islands laid off on a map under the name of "Old Virginia." So that it appears that even Smith did not consider himself in the proper place. The truth is, the name of Virginia was extended from Roanoke (by voyages subsequent to the Raleigh colony,) first to the north, and afterwards the southern coast much further south than Cape Fear, received the name. I cannot refrain from commending to the studious perusal of Pacificator, a work which he seems never to have read, viz. Smith's History of Virginia. In this very old and interesting account of Virginia he would learn one important fact, viz. that the first expedition which sailed for

James's River, and which settled Jamestown, was *not* commanded by Captain John Smith as he seems to think.

"But," says Pacificator, "North Carolina in 1650 was settled by emigrants principally from the State of Virginia." Be it so. They were very wise Virginians to come over to a land more genial in its climate, more various in its resources, and more illustrious in its historic associations. They were won over perhaps by the very fact that it was "*the Virginia*" of Raleigh, and, as such, different in all its *peculiarities* from "*the Virginia*" of a man by the name of John Smith. They had heard that Grenville, Cavendish, Drake, Hariot, and Lane, all men of the age of Elizabeth, had been but the agents of Raleigh in consecrating it to the genius of English freedom; and seeing around them every day those dangerous violations of the liberty of the subject which had descended to the government of Jamestown, in the shape perhaps of a "peculiarity characteristic" of the Scotch King, they came to the solitudes of North Carolina, where, at least, the freedom of opinion was safe. When Pacificator shall convict any North Carolina memorial of Raleigh of being imported from Virginia, Mr. Jo. Seawell Jones, of Shocco, recommends him to hang it up in his own cabinet of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals;" as North Carolina has had enough of Virginian influences, since the days of Thomas Jefferson, without going back to the days of the cowardly monarch under whose auspices she was first settled.

CHAP. V.

EXTRACT FROM THE "PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA."

ROANOKE ISLAND.*

"Such is the aspect of this shore,
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more;
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there."

GIOUR.

I HAVE never wandered over the Island of Roanoke without a feeling of melancholy, as intense as that of Byron whilst contemplating the fallen greatness of Greece. The days of her glory are over, and gone with those beyond the flood; but still she is to me an island of the heart, for her shores are the graves of the warlike and the wise. The native Indian built his Machicomack on her hills; and there, too, stood the city of Raleigh, the birth-place of the Anglo-American; and thus was Roanoke known, long before the beach of Jamestown was settled or the rock of Plymouth consecrated. She is the classic land of all English America, and will live in the future story of our Republic as the mother-earth of

* The above extract from the "Picturesque History of North Carolina" applies so strictly to the subject of this book, that it is here inserted as an additional chapter.

American liberty. The illustrious names of Raleigh, of Cavendish, of Grenville, and of Drake—the heroes of the reign of Elizabeth—are a part and portion of her history. Hariot, the mathematician and philosopher of the age, for the space of a whole year studied its natural resources and Indian history; and nearly two hundred and fifty years since, gave to the world a book unequalled for the accuracy and the interest of its details. It would seem, indeed, as if the chivalry and learning of that age had contributed this splendid representation, to give a dazzling brilliancy to the early history of that State on whose shores the flag of England was first unfurled, and in whose vallies, and over whose hills, the mountain Goddess Liberty first shouted the cry of American Independence. Bear witness, Mecklenburg, on the 20th of May, 1775.

But it is not historic association alone which makes sacred the shores and vine-clad forests of Roanoke. Nature seems to have exerted herself to adorn it as the Eden of the new world. The richest garniture of flowers, and the sweetest minstrelsy of birds, are there. In traversing the Northern section of the island, in the spring time of the year, flowers and sweet-scented herbs, in the wildest luxuriance, are strewn along your winding way, welcoming you with their fragrance to their cherished isle. The wild rose-bush, which at times springs up into nurseries of one hundred yards in extent, "blooms blushing" to the song of the thousand birds that are basking in *her* bowers. The mocking-bird,

too, whatever ornithologists may say of its "chimney habits," makes this his favorite haunt; and I have myself seen him pillowed on the highest cluster of roses, and swinging with his weight the slender tree, as he warbled out his most exquisite song. It may be, however, that Roanoke is the very spot, where, in imitation of the Eastern queen of song, the mocking-bird fell in love with the rose.

There are stately pine forests extending along the centre of the island; but the most beautiful of its trees are what are commonly called dogwood, the laurel, and a delicate species of the white oak. I have seen a forest composed of these trees, the branches and limbs of which were literally intertwisted and knitted together by the embraces of the Roanoke vine, which here, in its native garden, grows with extraordinary exuberance.

Within the deep shades of these reclining vintages, the spirit of solitude at times reigns in undisturbed majesty. At mid-day, when the heat of the summer's sun is too glowing for exertion, there is not the chirp of a bird to break the solemnity of the spot. The long and slender vine snake, which at other hours is seen industriously threading his way through the mazes of the vintage, has now suspended himself on a twig, and hangs as idle and as still as a black silk chord. If you hear the tread of footsteps, it is not of man, but the stealthy retreat of an unsuspecting fawn, which hath slept too long, and which now, like a woodland nymph, hies away on the approach of man. But in the morning and in the evening this

scene of quiet and of repose is all changed. It is then the granary of the island, and the birds have all assembled and are warbling in bacchanal confusion their morning or evening hymn. The scenery of Roanoke is neither grand nor sublime. There are no Alpine summits to mingle with clouds, but a series of gentle undulations, and a few abrupt hills, in the valleys of which the richly-dressed scenery I have described may be found. If it should ever be the lot of the reader to stroll under the vintage shades of Roanoke—made impervious to the rays of the sun by the rich foliage and clustering grapes above him—he will not venture to discredit the highly-wrought sketches of Hariot, nor mock the humbler enthusiasm of the volume now before him. I remember once to have stood upon the loftiest eminence of the island, and to have watched the progress of a sunset. It was on a summer's eve, which had been made peculiarly clear by a violent thunder squall the preceding night, and not a film of a cloud or a vapor was to be seen about the horizon or in the blue vault of heaven. There was not a breath of air to stir the slender leaf of the few lofty pines that straggled around me, and even the mocking-bird seemed to have hushed his capricious song, to enjoy the intense feeling of the moment. To the westward of the island, the waters of the Albemarle crept sluggishly along; and in the winding current of the Swash several vessels stood, with out-spread but motionless wings. Away down to the South, the Pamlico spread itself out, like an ocean of molten gold, gleaming

along the banks of Chickamacomico and Hatteras; and, contrasted with this, were the dark waters which separate Roanoke from the sea-beach, and which were now shaded from the tints of the sunset by the whole extent of the island.

A sea of glory streamed along the narrow ridge —dividing the inland waters from the ocean; and beyond this the boundless Atlantic heaved her chafed bosom of sapphire and of gold against the base of yon stormy Cape. I enjoyed and lived in that sunset and twilight hour. I thought of the glorious destiny of the land on which I trod—as glorious as the waters and the earth then around me. I thought of the genius and the death of Raleigh—of the heroic devotedness of Grenville—of the gallantry of Cavendish and Drake—of the learning of Hariot—of the nobleness of Manteo, the Lord of Roanoke—of the adventurous expedition of Sir Ralph Lane up the river Moratock—of the savage array of the blood-thirsty Wingina—of the melancholy fate of the last of the Raleigh colonies—of Virginia Dare, the first Anglo-American—of the agony of her mother—and I then thought of those exquisite lines of Byron,

> "Shrine of the mighty, can it be
> That this is all remains of thee?"

On the ruins of the ancient city of Raleigh "the indolent wrecker now sits and smokes the pipe of oblivion—a very wretch"—ignorant of the glorious associations of the land of his birth. He can tell you nothing of the deeds of those whose early efforts

in the settlement of Roanoke gave an impulse to the English colonization in America, and thus laid the foundations of our great American Republic. He will speak vaguely of the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, and will regale you with legends and stories of pirates and wrecks, which it is the business of the novelist, and not the historian, to record. Such of them as I could link with the Raleigh colonies, I have engrafted upon more authentic materials, and perhaps the traditionary history of no country is equal in interest to that of Roanoke Island. The legend of Sir Walter Raleigh's ship, of the great battle of Hatteras, and the nativity of Virginia Dare, which I have perhaps too painfully detailed, are the best assurances that the names of those who first planted the flag of old mother England on our shores cannot die.

The Island of Roanoke is at present tenanted by a class of people as rude and as boisterous as their native seas. They are a race of adventurous pilots and hardy mariners, and in their light craft seek the remotest islands of the West Indies; and occasionally with their freights of naval stores, penetrate into the Mediterranean, to the ports of Gibraltar and Malaga.

> A race of rugged Mariners are these,
> Unpolished men, and boisterous as their seas.
> The native Islanders alone their care,
> And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
> These did the Ruler of the deep ordain
> To build proud navies, and command the main;
> On canvass wings to cut their watery way,
> No bird so fleet, no thought so swift as they.
>
> ODYSSEY.

Am I then too enthusiastic in the history of Roanoke Island? It is the birth-place of Virginia Dare—it was the home of the faithful and noble Lord of Roanoke; and every hill, and every vale, is marked in its history by scenes of joy and woe. The battle fields of the warlike Wingina are there; and there the imagination may stretch itself backwards over the course of time, and dwell upon the Indian legends of wars that had passed, when the assembled host of barbarians fought upon the beach that they might be cheered on by the music of the waves. I have dreamed away many a sunny day in the solitude of its woods, and while reveling in my fancy upon the present magnificence of our Republic, I have not forgotten that I stood within that paradise of the new world in which Providence had decreed the nativity of the first-born of a great and mighty people.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;" while the great events of her annals are not forgotten, the dignity of the history of North Carolina shall stand—alike unsullied by the self-abasement of her own sons, or the fiendish falsehoods of the Infidel of Monticello.

CHAP. VI.

MISS FLORA MACDONALD.

The romantic story of this celebrated heroine is not confined to Scotland, nor to the fortunes of the house of Stuart. The banks of the Cape Fear, in North Carolina, were for several years distinguished by her residence; and it is this circumstance which will link her name with the history of that state, almost as inseparably as it already is with that of her own Scotland.

The rebellions of Scotland had contributed to the population of the Cape Fear counties long before the famous revolt of the Highland clans, under the chivalrous banner of Prince Charles Edward in 1745, after which much of the nobility and gentry of the Stuart party sought a refuge amidst the solitudes of our forests. The fatal battle of Culloden annihilated the power and independence of the Highland "lairds;" and in the year 1747 a colony of five thousand Highlanders arrived, and settled on the banks of the Cape Fear. They came originally from hard necessity, but, even up to this time, from ties of relationship, or the still deeper sympathy of mutual origin, the Highland emigrants are prone to seek the sandy region of their countrymen. He who cannot go to Scotland may penetrate into the coun-

ties of Cumberland, Moore, Richmond, Robeson, and indeed into nearly all the Cape Fear counties, where he will find even the Gaelic tongue, in all its native purity.

Flora MacDonald was the daughter of MacDonald of Milton, in the island of South Uist; but her father having died during her infancy, and her mother having married MacDonald of Armadale, in Skye, an adherent of the government, she was thus endeared to both parties,—the government and that of Prince Charles, the young pretender. Her more usual residence was with her brother, the proprietor of Milton; but such seems to have been the estimation of her character, that she was beloved by every clan, rebellionists or not.

She did not see the Prince Charles until after the battle of Culloden, when he was a wanderer, without a home, and without friends or adherents. His forces had been slaughtered and routed, and he himself driven to the hills and caves of his kingdom to find a hiding-place; and at such a moment Flora MacDonald adopted him and his cause. She disguised him in a female dress, and guided him from island to island; and, after encountering every hardship and every peril, put him into the way to escape to France, where he had friends on and around the throne.

Flora MacDonald was arrested, confined to prison, and after a year was released, and then carried into the court society of London by Lady Primrose, a jacobite lady of wealth and distinction. It is record-

ed that twenty coaches of the proudest names of the realm stood at the door of Lady Primrose, to pay their respects to the heroine of the Scotch rebellion, only a few days after her release. A chaise-and-four were fitted up to take her back to Scotland; and when she was consulted as to who should escort her home, she selected her fellow-prisoner, General Malcolm McLeod, who boasted that he "came to London to be hanged, but rode back in a chaise-and-four with Flora MacDonald."

She afterwards married Kingsburg MacDonald, of Kingsburg, the son of one of her old associates in the perilous salvation of Prince Charles; and he, like all the Highland gentlemen, was encumbered with heavy obligations, in the way of private debts, and still heavier oaths of fealty to the house of Hanover. In 1773, Doctor Johnson and Mr. Boswell visited the house of Kingsburg MacDonald, and were entertained by the generosity and hospitality of the proprietor and his noble spouse. She was then a fine, genteel-looking woman, full of the enthusiasm of her early life; and as she was now the mistress of the house in which both the fugitive prince and herself had been once entertained by the father of her husband, she put the great living patriarch of English letters in the same bed in which her unfortunate prince had on that occasion slept. In the tour to the Hebrides, it is related that Kingsburg MacDonald was embarrassed in his private affairs, and contemplated a migration to America.

I think it was in 1775 when she arrived in

North Carolina and settled at Cross Creek, the seat of the present town of Fayetteville. It was a stormy period of our history; and those who came among us at that time to seek peace and contentment were disappointed, for they met, at their very landing, civil and intestine war. The policy of the royal governor, too, was to carry along with him the Highlanders, whom he represented as still liable to confiscation of estate for their former rebellion. The prudent emigrants were too recently from the bloody field of Culloden to run heedlessly into another war of extermination. They measured the strength of the English government by their own experience, and seeing around them no prince of their own blood to lead them on to battle, they nearly to a man joined the royal standard.

The truth is, the countrymen of Flora MacDonald were incapable of appreciating the nature of our revolution. They had come to North Carolina in quest of fortune and undisturbed peace, and clung to the government from a double sense of interest and of fear. The sublime idea of an American empire was not within the range of their hopes or anticipations; but Scotland was again to be their home, when King George should have forgotten their rebellion, and fortune should again have restored to them wealth and importance.

Kingsburg MacDonald entered with much zeal into the cause of the royal government, and assisted his kinsman, General Donald MacDonald, in his extensive preparations for the famous battle of Moore's

Creek. Flora, too, is said to have embraced, with much enthusiasm, the same cause, and to have exhorted her countrymen to adhere to their king. The settlement of Cross Creek was the metropolis of the Highlanders, and there they congregated to listen to the counsels of their aged chiefs. The MacDonalds, the MacLeods, the Camerons, the MacNeils, and the Campbells were all represented there in the person of some beloved and hereditary chieftain.

On the 1st of February, 1776, Donald MacDonald issued a proclamation, calling upon all loyal Highlanders to join his standard at Cross Creek, and on that day fifteen hundred men mustered under his command. The enthusiastic spirit of Flora forgot that it was not for "her Charlie" she was warring, and tradition says she was seen among the ranks, encouraging and exhorting them to battle. Loyalty seems to have been a strange principle in the bosom of the Highlanders. Thirty years before this period, they fought the battle of Culloden against the house of Hanover; and now they are on the eve of a similar engagement for its support, against the cause of freedom.

Kingsburg MacDonald was a captain in the army of Donald MacDonald, and his wife followed the fortunes of the camp. She proceeded with the army towards the camp of General Moore, on Rockfish River, and was with her husband on the morning of the twenty-sixth of February, on the banks of Moore's Creek, a small stream in the county of New Hanover. The Whig army, under the command

of Colonel Lillington, was encamped on the other side of this stream; and on the morning of the twenty-seventh the celebrated battle of Moore's Creek was fought, the Highlanders signally routed, Colonels MacLeod and Campbell both slain, Kingsburg MacDonald taken prisoner, and Flora once more a fugitive, and indeed an outlaw. The Highlanders were a brave and loyal race, but, poor fellows, they had their Culloden in North Carolina as well as in Scotland.

Flora MacDonald returned to Cross Creek without her husband; and there she found the Whig banner triumphant, under the command of Colonel Alexander Martin, afterwards governor of the state. The sad reverses of her fortune seemed to have but begun. Tradition says her house was pillaged and her plantation ravaged by the cruelty of the Whigs, and there is too much reason to believe it true. The Highland population was, for many years, conquered, and kept in subjection by the remembrance of this defeat; and it is only during the latter part of the war, when the contest became more doubtful, that they again joined in the heat of the battle.

The Highlanders, and with them the husband of Flora MacDonald, there is too much reason to fear, shared the fate of the unfortunate rebellionists in 1745. Their estates were ravaged by force; and as soon as a state government was established, the ravages of the Whigs were legalized by an act of confiscation. Kingsburg MacDonald remained in North Carolina but a few years, when he embarked in a sloop of

war for Scotland. Mr. Chambers, in his admirable history of the Rebellion of 1745, records a circumstance that occurred during the voyage, illustrative of her character. The sloop encountered a French ship, and in the thickest of the battle Flora was on the deck, encouraging the crew until the contest ceased. She afterwards philosophized, by saying that she had endangered her life for both the house of Stuart and the house of Hanover, but that she did not perceive she had profited by her exertions.

There is one anecdote connected with the battle of Moore's Creek, and with Donald MacDonald, who was a kinsman of Flora, the Highland chief, which deserves to be here recorded. He was an old veteran in the art of war, having been engaged as an officer in the army of the young Pretender in 1745, in which character he appeared in the battle of Culloden. He was sick at the moment of the battle of Moore's Creek, and, committing the fate of his countrymen into the hands of his aid-de-camp, Colonel MacLeod, he remained in his camp. After his forces had been entirely routed, the Whig commanders found him alone, seated on a stump, and, as they walked up to him, he waved the parchment scroll of his commission in the air, and surrendered it into their hands.

The town of Fayetteville now covers the spot formerly the metropolis of the Highland clans. There lived Flora MacDonald, and a host of others, whose names appear in the history of Scotland as brave and warlike spirits. To me it was a beautiful spot,

as seen in 1828, before its destruction by fire, when the spring time of year contributed to embellish the banks of the small stream that winds its way through the very streets of the town. I remember one view which would have been a fit spot even for the romantic genius of Flora MacDonald. There was a small bridge that spanned the stream, connecting the court-house and the city-hall, and, standing on this bridge, you had first the office of Mr. Eccles, an accomplished attorney, immediately before you, suspended over the creek, and connected with the street by a bridge; the stream then flowed on through a spacious and richly-cultivated garden, and then hid itself amidst a profusion of the richest shrubbery. On the left was the Episcopal church, and, away down the creek, the high steeple of the Presbyterian meeting-house shot up into the air as if it had been the monument of the spot. A beautiful crystal stream, with embroidered banks, winding its way through the heart of a city; such an ornament had the Cross Creek of the Highlanders. There is another creek, that courses along the southern extremity of the town and just below the city; the two streams apparently cross at right angles. The superstition was of old, that the waters actually crossed each other, but, by a little observation, you will perceive that the streams have, as it were, accidentally touched, and, without farther conflict, separated, and gone off quietly on their serpentine courses. Hence the name of Cross Creek. The surrounding country is a sandy barren, with but little under-

growth, and, but for the lofty pines that cover it, would pass for a Lybian desert. In the midst of this wide waste of sand stands the American home of Flora MacDonald, a city in the wilderness, an Oasis in a sandy desert. The life of no female in the history of any country was ever more deserving the attention of the historian. Her adventurous deeds in the service of the unfortunate prince have been celebrated by almost every poet of the age, and have, more than any single subject, infused a spirit of love and war into the minstrelsy of her own poetical country.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CHAPTERS FIRST AND SECOND.

The Journals of Amadas and Barlowe may be found in Hakluyt, commencing with the 301 page, to which the reader is referred for authorities. The dinner party described in the second chapter is scarcely any thing more than a copy of the text in Hakluyt. It was, by the way, a much better dinner than I myself have sometimes enjoyed on Roanoke Island; and I trust that my friend Mrs. Mekins will excuse me for asserting the superiority of the good Indian woman over any of the housewives of the Banks.

NOTE TO CHAPTER THIRD.

The original design of these memorials was simply to sketch the beginning and the end of the authority of England over the Colonies. They appeared in the New-York Mirror, and might have been continued had not the criticisms of newspapers diverted me into the field of controversy. The two first chapters sketch the origin of the dominion of England, and the third celebrates its downfall; for, whatever may be said of the Mecklenburg Declaration by the *philosophers* of Virginia, it was the "Beginning." "In the beginning was the word, and the word was" Independence.

> For freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won.

On the subject of the Mecklenburg Declaration I have much yet to publish. I have collected much material for a sketch of the lives of the heroes of the 20th of May, and I have, besides, much additional evidence of the authenticity of the *paper* to bring before the world. It has been intimated to me by a friend, that the present Envoy Extraordinary of the government of the United States near the throne of England had been entrusted with

a commission to explore the archives of the Colonial Office for evidence against the Mecklenburg Declaration. Under whose superintendence and advice this "exploring expedition" was got up it does not behove me to say, but I can certainly wish its worthy commander whatever success he may deserve. He may depend upon his deserts being fairly and thoroughly canvassed whenever the fruits of his expedition shall have been disclosed to the public. While on this subject I beg to make one remark in my own behalf, viz. that no one should mistake my warmth for bitterness. I assert, that no citizen of North Carolina can study her history without imbibing a deep feeling against the character of Mr. Jefferson. Let him look at the high *place* of the *State* before his elevation, and then go on and see where she was a few years afterwards, and he will find other grounds of hostility than his notorious abuse of her history.

NOTE THIRD—THE POTATO.

There is some authority for the tradition that the potato was carried to Ireland from Roanoke. I have seen it in very many books of modern date, and have never lost an opportunity of searching for its truth. I remember to have canvassed the matter with my excellent friend Mr. Bancroft, while he was engaged in the composition of the first volume of his beautiful history of the United States. I agreed with him in his conclusion that the authorities in its favor did not entitle it to a place in his work. Hariot, in his account of Roanoke Island, describes several kinds of roots which may have been what is commonly called the Irish Potato. I here extract his account of two of them:

"*Openank* are a kind of roots of round form, some of the bignesse of wal-"nuts, some farre greater, which are found in moist and marsh ground, grow-"ing many together one by another in ropes, as though they were fastened "by a string. Being boiled or sodden, they are very good meat.

"*Kaishucpenank.* A white kind of roots, about the bignesse of hennes "eggs and near of that form. Their taste was not so good to our seem-"ing as of the other, and therefore their place and manner of growing not so "much cared for by us; the inhabitants, notwithstanding, used to boil and eat "many."

Some years ago I called the attention of my lamented friend H. B. Croom to this subject, and entreated his co-operation in the labors of investigation. Poor fellow, he was too soon lost in the sad shipwreck of the *Home* on the coast of North Carolina, and with him perished many a bright hope. He was so accomplished, so zealous, and then his genius was as beautiful and as various as the flowers whose nature and whose history he

had so assiduously studied. North Carolina lost in him what she could not well spare—an accomplished and affectionate son, whose heart was wholly hers, and whose bright genius would some day have adorned her history. But I have strayed from the subject of this note. The potato, it is supposed, was carried to Smerwick, in Ireland, by John White, governor of the city of Raleigh, on his return to England in 1587. There is a legend, too, that Sir Walter Raleigh caused them to be planted in his garden on his Irish estate. In conclusion, I beg to say that I esteem it quite as well authenticated as most of the facts in the history of that age, and that I confidently expect in the course of a few years to establish beyond controversy that the Irish Potato was a native of Roanoke Island.

NOTE FOURTH—TOBACCO

Was first carried to England, *not Europe*, from Roanoke. Its Indian name was *Uppowoc*, and is thus described by Hariot:

"There is an herbe, which is sowed apart by itself, and is called by the "inhabitants Uppowoc. In the West Indies it hath divers names, accord- "ing to the several places and countries where it groweth and is used. The "Spaniards generally call it Tobacco. The leaves thereof being dried and "brought into powder, they used to take the fume or smoke thereof, by suck- "ing it thorow pipes made of clay into their stomache and head; from "whence it purgeth superfluous fleame and other grosse humours, and open- "eth all the pores and passages of the body; by which means the use "thereof not only preserveth the body from obstruction, but also (if any be "so that they have not been of too long continuance) in short time breaketh "them, whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not "many grievous diseases, wherewithall we in England are oftentimes "afflicted.

"This Uppowoc is in so precious estimation amongst them, that they "think their gods are marvellously delighted therewith; whereupon some- "time they make hallowed fires, and cast some of the powder therein for "a sacrifice; being in a storme upon the waters, to pacify their gods they "cast some up into the air and into the water; so a weare for fish being "newly set up, they cast some therein and into the air; also after an escape "from danger they cast some into the air likewise, but all done with strange "gestures—stamping, sometimes dancing, clapping of hands, holding up of "hands, and staring up into the heavens, uttering therewithall and chatter- "ing strange words and noises."

Hariot says that men and women of great calling, and learned physicians also, used it freely upon its introduction into England.

NOTE FIFTH—RELIGION OF THE ROANOKE INDIANS.

Mantoac was the word which comprised all their gods. They believed, however, in one great God existing from all eternity. When God conceived the plan of the world, he made other gods to assist him in its erection and its government; and these subordinate deities they conceived were represented in the sun, moon, and stars. A woman was first created; and the obvious necessity of peopling the newly-created world justified an intrigue with some lascivious god, and thus the first of the children of the forest were brought forth. They called the temples which they built to their gods, Machicomacks. The most distinguished of their petty gods was called Kewas.

NOTE SIXTH—GOLD MINES.

I do not place much reliance upon the authority of any of the old voyagers on the subject of the precious metals, but it is somewhat singular that the Raleigh colonies should have heard of their existence in that very section of the new world where it has been since so abundantly found. Sir Ralph Lane made a voyage in small boats in 1586 up the Albemarle Sound, and penetrated four days' journey up the Roanoke (Moratock) river in quest of information as to a country called *Chaunis Temoatan*, where, from the accounts of the Indians, there was an abundance of the precious metals. This country was described as being above twenty days' journey west of the sea-coast, and to have been subject to the incursions of the Mangoaks, a powerful tribe of Indians who occupied the immediate interior of the continents. The savages described accurately enough the art of mining in its rudest state, but it was perhaps the cataract of golden waters which excited the zeal of Sir Ralph Lane. In his voyage up the Moratock (Roanoke), he was hourly expecting a view of the South Sea, and was fretted with an apprehension that the Pacific Ocean would break upon his view before he could realize the golden stories of the Indians. Leaving, however, every reader to the exercise of his own faith or skepticism, I shall proceed to arrange the authorities upon which I assert the theory, that the golden treasures of her mountains had been explored by a race of people more ingenious and civilized than the savages of the American wilderness.

The first gleamings of light upon this point of history are from the journals of the French Hugonots, who in 1562 settled at St. Helena, Beaufort, S. C. The genius, foresight, and liberality of Coligny founded the enterprise which is even now distinguished for having originated the name of Carolina, and as having been the first to seek a home in the new world, in

quest, not of the golden treasures of the savages, but of the still more precious blessings of the freedom of conscience.

In the interesting work of Laudonniere (Hakluyt, vol. 3, pp. 369, 70, 71, &c.) allusion is frequently made to the existence of gold in a country to the north-west, and all the accounts he records tend to strengthen the theory that at about thirty or forty leagues in that direction from St. Helena, there was a splendid city, the metropolis of a wealthy and warlike people. In the 376 page he alludes to an account which he received from the savages of the country of Chiquola, which, as far as he could judge, was "a very faire citie." "For they said unto me, that within the enclosure there was a "great store of houses, which were built very high, wherein there was an "infinite number of men like unto themselves, which took no account of "gold, of silver, nor of pearles, seeing they had thereof in abundance.

"I began then to show them all the parts of heaven, to the intent to learne "in what quarter they dwelt, and straightway one of them stretching out "his hand, shewed me they dwelt towards the north."

Again, in 382 page, in describing a visit to an Indian king, he says, "Af-"terwards he gave them a certain number of exceeding faire pearles, and "two stones of fine crystal and certain silver oare. Our men forgot not to "give him certain trifles in recompense of those presents, and required of him "the place where silver oare and the crystal came. He made them answer "that it came ten days' journey from his habitation up within the country, "and that the inhabitants of the country did dig the same at the foote of cer-"tain high mountains, where they found of it in very good quantitie."

On page 408 he again introduces the subject of the exceeding wealth of the mountains to the north-west, and records the account of an Indian who knew the passes of the Apalachi Mountains, where the sandy bottoms of rills were dug up with hollow canes or reeds, and grains of precious metals secured. His whole work, however, teems with rumours of gold, and immense power and splendour, to the north and north-west of the sea-coast, about the latitudes of 32, 31, and 30; and here leaving Rene Laudonniere's authority to the discretion of the reader, I shall introduce testimony of a more wonderful as well as of a more pertinent character.

Pedro Morales was a Spaniard, whom Sir Francis Drake, in 1586, on his return home from his famous West Indian cruise, caught along the coast of Florida; and he related that three score leagues to the north-west of St. Helena were the mountains of gold and crystal, and that there was a great city sixteen or twenty days' journey in the same direction, called by the Spaniards La Grand Copal—"very rich and exceeding great."

But the most wonderful account of the metallic richness of the country to the north-west of St. Helena, (Beaufort, S. C.) is given by one Nicholas Burgoignon, alias Holy, who was likewise found by Sir Francis Drake on

the coast of Florida. He, too, spoke of the city of La Grand Copal, and described its magnificence in "golden and diamond terms." Crystal, gold, rubies, and diamonds glittered from every corner of its paths. A Spaniard obtained there a diamond worth five thousand crowns, which was worn by the governor of St. Augustine. This same Nicholas Burgoignon likewise testifies that the mountains of North Carolina shone so brightly with their immense masses of crystals, rubies, gold, and diamonds, that he could not behold them and keep his sight, and therefore he had to travel by night. I am very sorry to say that these mountains afford at this time no such obstacles to the comforts of a traveller, and that it now requires a vast expenditure of labor and money to get a sight of any of these aforesaid jewels, even in the sunniest days.

Nicholas likewise saw, some fifty leagues from St. Helena, up towards La Grand Copal, Indians with long golden rings in their ears and nostrils. He likewise saw herds of oxen, but they did not wear gold in their ears and nostrils. Both Pedro Morales and Nicholas describe the Wateree as a river which comes from the north-west, and appear to have travelled that way. Hakluyt intimates that it was the same as the river Waren, (Cape Fear.)

So much for French and Spanish authority. Let us now return to the annals of the Roanoke colony. They found prevailing on the coast of North Carolina, rumours of a still more definite character, as to the geographical position of a country of immense mineral wealth. It was twenty days' journey due west from the sea-board, and the ways and means of obtaining the metal were accurately described. (See Hakluyt, p. 315, vol. 3.) Wassador was the general name of all metals. The country was called Chaunis Temoatan, and over the browling rocks of the streams the golden sands were caught in bowls and skins. The territory north and north-west of St. Helena (Beaufort, S. C.) will be found to be the same as that west of Cape Hatteras; and the distances from the respective points of calculation are sufficiently correct for the indulgence of a mere speculative inquiry.

Having thus exhausted the ancient authorities in support of the theory that the gold mines of North Carolina were formerly worked by a race of people of superior genius to the common herd of American savages, I shall now proceed to detail a few modern facts bearing directly on the subject. The gold, though not sought after by a regular mining system until within the last twenty years, was still known to exist. At distant and various periods of our history, suspicions of wealthy deposites of gold in certain spots of land would arise; and I have a *will*, dated 1787, in which the gold mines, which may be discovered on a particular plantation, are reserved to the heirs generally, and not to the particular legatee, to whom the estate was bequeathed. As far back as 1774, gold was sent to Governor Josiah Martin, (the last Royal Governor of North Carolina,) from the county of

Guilford; and this was perhaps the first appearance of a specimen in modern times. It should be recollected that civilization is not now a century old as far westward in the interior of North Carolina as the river Yadkin, beyond which the richest depositos of gold are found; and that the long night which reigned over that golden region, from the age of Elizabeth to that of George II. was sufficient to have buried, all history and tradition.

Modern enterprise has, however, contributed one argument in favour of the antiquity of the gold mines, which, as an authority, is worth every other testimony. In the sinking of shafts, the earth exhibits indisputable evidences of having been disturbed before; and a few years ago, an earthen crucible and several other implements of mining operations were found sixty and seventy feet below the surface of the earth.

Mr. Humphrey Bissell, of Charlotte, North Carolina, a gentleman of great scholarship, of the most polite and diversified attainments, and of the most independent habit of criticism, is of the opinion that the mines were worked ages ago; and I consider his testimony as of great weight and value. He is, as far as I have had an opportunity of observing, the only man who has observed with a scientific eye the mining operations of the state. What ordinary Mineralogists and Geologists have pretended to do in the course of a single tour, Mr. Bissell has made the work of years; and I doubt whether any state in the Union can boast of a citizen so thoroughly taught in the mysteries of her mineralogical wealth as North Carolina.

The speculative reader may indulge in whatever theories his fancy can suggest. Whether in the thousand years of past ages a civilized and refined people may not have existed, whose very name the calamities of war and pestilence may not have swept from the land of their nativity; and if he is fond of dreams and poetical illusions, he may draw upon his imagination for the golden streets of La Grand Copal, and find, perhaps, the very ruins of the walls that protected it in the phenomenon of the natural bulwarks* of Rowan.

NOTE SEVENTH.

The second colony which Sir Walter sent out to Roanoke, sailed from Portsmouth on the 26th of April, 1587, under the command of John White, who was commissioned as governor of the "citie of Raleigh." I propose to make a few extracts illustrative of the history of Roanoke.

* The *Natural* Wall found in old Rowan is, I suppose, called natural because no one remembers when it was built. It has, I believe, never been examined by a man of science. By the slightest excavation it may be traced many miles.

"The 13th of August, our savage Manteo, by the commandment of Sir "Walter Raleigh, was christened in Roanoke, and called Lord thereof and "of Dassamonguepeak, in reward of his faithful service.

"The 18th, Elenor, daughter to the Governor and wife to Ananias Dare, "one of the assistants, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoke, and the "same was christened there the Sunday following; and because this child "was the first Christian born in Virginia, she was named *Virginia*.

A few days after these two remarkable events, Governor White returned to England to obtain further supplies; and here closes all certain knowledge of the Raleigh colonists. Governor White afterwards visited Roanoke Island as late as the year 1590, but he could not or would not find them. Perhaps his followers were mutinous and would not follow him; but be that as it may, he finally abandoned his daughter, the little Virginia Dare, and his countrymen, to a cruel and an unknown fate.

After a variety of embarrassments in the waters about the island, he finally succeeded in finding the place, where, three years before, he had left his colony. I here extract from his journal:

"Our boats and all things fitted again, we put off from Hatorask, being "the number of 19 persons in both boats; but before we could get to the "place where our planters were left, it was so exceeding darke that we over-"shot the place a quarter of a mile. There we espied, toward the north end "of the island, the light of a great fire thorow the woods, to which we pre-"sently rowed. When we came right over against it we let fall our grapnel "near the shore, and sounded with a trumpet a call, and afterwards many "familiar English tunes of songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no "answer. We therefore landed at day-break, and coming to the fire, we "found the grass and sundry rotten trees burning about the place.

"From thence we went thorow the woods to that part of the island di-"rectly over against Dassamonguepeak, and from thence we returned by "the water side round about the north point of the island, until we came to "the place where I left our colony in the year 1587. In all this we saw in "the sand the print of the savages' feet of 2 or 3 sorts, trodden in the night. "As we entered up the sandy bank, upon a tree under the very browe there-"of were curiously carved those fair Roman letters CRO; which letters we "presently knew to signifie the place where I should find the planters seated, "according to a secret token agreed upon between them and me at my last "departure from them; which was, that in any ways they should not fail to "write or carve on the trees or posts of the doors the name of the place "where they should be seated, for at my coming always they were prepared "to remove from Roanoke, 50 miles in the maine.

"Therefore at my departure from them, in Anno Dom. 1587, I willed them, "that if they happen to be distressed in any of those places, then they

"should carve over the letters or name a crosse (+) in this form; but we found "no such signe of distress. And having well considered of this; we passed "towards the place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found the "house taken down, and the place very strongly enclosed with a palisado of "great trees, with cortynes and flankers very fort-like; and one of the chief "trees or postes at the right side of the entrance had the bark taken off, and "5 foote from the ground, in fayre capital letters, was graven CROATOAN, "without any cross or sign of distress.

"This done, we entered into the palisado, where we found many bars of "iron, two pigges of lead, four iron foulers, iron, sackin, shotte, and such like "heavy things thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grasse and "weeds."

So much of extracts. Governor White found his own chests, his armour, and various other articles, all, however, nearly ruined by the rains. He returned to his ships, hoping to get up an expedition to Croatan; but impediments and embarrassments again interfered; and after all his painful labours he was compelled to return to England without having done his duty either to his children or his countrymen.

The fate of these poor colonists was indeed melancholy. Tradition has given us but a faint gleam of their future career. Lawson, in his history of North Carolina, says, that for comfort and society they amalgamated with the Hatteras Indians. The Hatteras Indians in his time, he says, boasted of the descent, saying, that their ancestors could talk out of a book.

Croatan, the place to which they removed, was the birthplace of the generous Manteo, who was a man of great power among the different tribes; and he no doubt became their most efficient friend and protector.

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